

The Pocahontas Times.

VOL XL NO 47

MARLINTON, POCAHONTAS COUNTY WEST VIRGINIA, JULY 6, 1922

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE

All works of the imagination are gifts of God. This is pre-eminently true of those which compel us, by means of their art, to face the great spiritual realities, which are the only ultimate realities of life.

The novels of Vincente Blasco Ibanez are written for a purpose, under the fair restraint of the storyteller, he hides the sackcloth and ashes of the moralist. Ibanez would force his generation to face the facts of certain universal follies and injustices. In "The Four Horsemen" he plays the same part by war.

It has been my privilege to read, I suppose, most of the outstanding war books, but not one of them leaves the impression on my mind of the horror, futility and senselessness of war as this book does. How unforgettably does Blasco-Ibanez bring the glamour of the marching troops, the rampant patriotism, the singing of the "Marseillaise," right up against the unmentionable horrors of that night in Desnoyer's Castle—but there are depths of human depravity that even art can only hint at. When Sherman said "war is hell," he was uttering more than an epigram. War is hell triple distilled—not merely murder, but murder with all the conceivable and inconceivable tortures of the damned; not only lust, but lust quintessential and abysmal; not only destruction, but destruction senseless, inane, not only frenzy, but the frenzy of an arch-angel gone insane; not only fear, but fear that makes gibbering idiots out of strong men. Louvain, Rheims, poison gas, flame throwers, mutilation, torture, crucifixion, famine, pestilence—filth of the trenches, filth of the body, filth of the mind. All that and more Blasco-Ibanez makes us see—to what purpose? That a group of diplomats should meet in Washington and jockey for position in an international chess game? Surely not that. I do not under-rate the day of small things. But surely the common people of the world suffered enough in the four years of the war; surely they are suffering enough from its aftermath now, for them to rise in their might and say with one voice to their rulers and representatives: "Henceforth we mean to abolish that particular kind of hell."

But Blasco-Ibanez is not chiefly concerned with picturing the horrors of war. Others have done that. His unique contribution is that he uncovers its seed-bed. The "Four Horsemen" are under orders of the Beast. They issue out of his mouth. Long ago the Apostle John saw it and foretold the horrors of a Godless civilization. To him it was the civilization of Rome; to us it is the civilization of Europe and America. The Beast is not in some far-off realm of space. He is here in our own hearts, in our own institutions, in the very progress and culture we were boasting of before the war and crying today because we can't get back to speedily enough—the beast of anti-altruism and selfishness. How finely does Blasco Ibanez picture the rottenness, the futility, the misguided effort of the society—not French merely, but international—which was brewing the hell-broth of war. Dancing and singing on the lip of the volcano. The elder Desnoyer playing at Medieval Castle and art collecting; his son, Julio, playing at art and the one thing that will not be played at with impunity—love; Madame Laurier playing with the fire that reduces hearts to ashes; the German cousins playing at the goose-step and the Kingspiel—while the forgotten God of righteousness brooded over all with the drawn sword of justice in His hand.

You remember that scene in the play where Desnoyer's castle, with all its priceless treasures goes up in flames under the pounding of the guns—not German guns, observe, but French. It is a parable of the fate of every civilization that is not built on truth and righteousness. The castle falls under the impact of its own destructive forces. Its walls are laid and plaster to the high explosive of the broken laws of God. Its treasures are melted in the flame of the divine wrath. The thing that has taken years and centuries to build becomes a heap of smoldering ashes. Over and over again it has happened. The hanging gardens of Babylon are no more; the great empire of the Hittites is represented by a single seal in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford; the grandeur of Rome and the glory of Greece—where are they? The colossus of Spain that once dominated the councils of the Old World and owned more than half of the New, is a trophy for the guns of Dewey; Germany and Russia are in ruins; the whole civilization of Europe is bankrupt. And the warning is to our own nation in which the hegemony of the world now rests, lest it, too, forget and share the fate of all those other empires that build without God.

And this is the tremendous lesson of the book—that the moral universe is under law in exactly the same sense as the physical; that just as burning is the inevitable result of thrusting one's hand into the fire, as a mangled corpse is the result of abusing the law of gravitation by throwing oneself over a precipice, as disease is the result of breaking the laws of health—so war, pestilence, famine and all social scourges and disasters are the direct result of the violation of the eternal laws of Justice, Truth and Purity. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man, a nation or a world soweth, that shall it also

A. C. HEROLD FOR STATE SENATE

As we go to press a long distance telephone message authorizes to make the announcement that Hon. A. C. Herold, of Sutton, is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the State Senate, long term, in this district.

This race is now a three cornered one between Messrs. Herold and Hines, of Braxton county, and Mr. Shock, of Webster.

Mr. Herold will make an acceptable candidate to us Pocahontas people. In fact he is kin to about half of the county people. He is the grandson of Anderson Herold, who moved from Pocahontas to Nicholas many years ago. He is a young man of means and prominence in his county. He is a banker by occupation. Two years ago he was on the ticket as a candidate for treasurer of the State of West Virginia. Mr. Herold expects to pay a visit to the county in a few days.

The defeat of Gifford Pinchot at the election of a Republican State Chairman in Pennsylvania when the contractor ring ran a steam-roller over his candidate and elected Harry Baker, a Penrose henchman, to conduct the campaign, is a concrete illustration of the futility of any attempt to make progressive ideas or plans in that reactionary boss-ridden state.

But the worst feature of the affair was the evident insincerity of Pinchot himself in rushing up and congratulating Chairman Baker. Pinchot would have no more chance for success in the State House at Harrisburg surrounded by the bosses of the Old Guard faction than President Harding has success in the White House surrounded by the Daughertys, the Falls, the Denbys, and Newberys.

Bishop Gravatt, of Charlestown, will preach at the Episcopal church next Sunday night, July 9, at 8 o'clock.

The Levels District Sunday School convention will be held at Sharon church on Locust Creek on Tuesday, July 18.

And this is the warning for us and for our children: it is idle to try to prevent war by tinkering with its symptoms. War is the culmination of social disease, and no good doctor thinks he is curing a disease by allying a headache or regulating a pulse-beat. He goes deeper to a cause. The cause of war is human selfishness and sin. In a society where the worship of Mammon overshadows all others; where ethical standards that have arisen out of the blood-bought experience of the human race are openly flouted; where the art, the music, the literature, stirs subtly the animality of man; where justice is ignored in the warfare of class with class; where pleasure is made an end in itself and ease and comfort take the place of the stern ascent of virtue; where religion is tolerated merely, or at most patronized, and faith in another life fades into the background of thought and loses its power as a motive—in such a society the seeds of war are inevitably germinating. In spite of all leagues and conferences, and will one day bring forth their harvest of blood and tears. I am no Cassandra, no prophet of doom; but the immediate business of the world today is to get back to God. Its only hope is the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, who alone is able to uproot the seeds of selfishness from human hearts and set our feet upon the way of peace. Only when men learn to love one another will war become impossible. And only Christ can teach us how to love.

In that remarkable poem in which Alfred Noyes excoriates the criminal forgetfulness of English society with-in a year of the great war, he writes:

The cymbals crash,
The dancers walk
With long silk stockings
And arms of chalk,
Butterfly skirts,
And white breasts bare,
And shadows of dead men
Watching 'em there

Under the dancing
Feet are the graves,
Dazzle and motley,
In long bright waves
Brushed by the palm fronds,
Grapple and whirl
Ox-eyed matron
And slim white girl.

Fat wet bodies
Go waddling by,
Girded with satin,
Though God knows why,
Gript by satyrs
In white and black,
With a fat wet hand
On a fat wet back.

"Plish," said a statesman,
Standing near,
I'm glad they can busy
Their thoughts elsewhere:
We mustn't reproach 'em,
They're young, you see."
"Ah," said the dead men,
"So were we!"

"Victory! Victory!
On with the dance!
Back to the jungle
The new beasts prance!
God, how the dead men
Grin by the wall,
Watching the fun
Of the Victory Ball!"

—Rev. H. D. C. MacLachlan, in Southern Churchman.

LANTY McNEEL FOR COUNTY COURT

It is with pleasure that this paper can announce that J. Lanty McNeel has consented to stand for the Democratic nomination for County Commissioner. His district is the Little Levels, which has not been represented on the Court for a few years. He is a man of large affairs and one who is safe, conservative and courageous in his judgment. On account of the close friendship existing between Mr. McNeel and Mr. Barlow, the retiring member of the court, the latter did not offer for reelection. And just here it is fit and proper and due to Mr. Barlow to say that of all of the men who have served the county in the capacity of County Commissioner, we have never had a more faithful or efficient member and president of the court than Mr. Barlow. We will add, too, that we believe Mr. McNeel will make a worthy successor to him.

MISS WALLACE A CANDIDATE

Miss Anna M. Wallace is asking the Democratic nomination for County Superintendent of Schools. As for this writer, he knows of no one who will be more acceptable as a candidate or fill the office with greater credit than Miss Wallace. By endowment and training she has the highest qualifications for the office. In this and adjoining counties her services as an instructor have always been in demand. For a few years past she has been principal of a large school doing high school work near Lewisburg.

Big States and great cities have for years placed women at the head of their departments of public instruction. It is an office that properly qualified women should fill. One half the pupils of the lower grades are girl children, and the proportion of girls increases as the grades advance, until the last year of high school is reached, and then the girls outnumber the boys almost two to one. Then, too, our teachers are almost all women.

This writer has been for Miss Wallace for this nomination and office ever since her name was mentioned. Her candidacy is favorably received wherever mentioned, especially in this town where she has taught.

He took one drink but there was wood alcohol in the whiskey Eugene Finkle drank. Now he is groping in blindness. "I felt all right until night when I awakened with intense pain," said Finkle. The next day Finkle was very ill but went to work. That evening the doctor came. He said Finkle had been poisoned. The next morning Finkle was blind—just one drink! Wood alcohol acts on the blood vessels, especially the small ones. The capillaries burst. That is what causes blindness. The tiny arteries of the retina are ruptured, destroying sight. A straight drink of wood alcohol brings on internal hemorrhages, blindness, convulsions—and death. Pretty big price to pay for just one drink.—Editorial, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Next Sunday evening at 8 o'clock J. S. Kellison of Hillsboro, will address the Epworth League of the Wesley Chapel Methodist church, Hillsboro. Mr. Kellison is of the class of '16 West Virginia Wesleyan. He has won distinction in the field of athletics at Marietta College and also at Washington and Jefferson at which place he is engaged as coach for the coming year. The Washington and Jefferson football team won the championship of the east last season and tied for the national championship. All are cordially invited to attend the League exercises.

Ira W. Sheets of Danmore, is advertising his farm for sale. He is contemplating moving to Hartstown, Pennsylvania. His neighbor, Lawrence Nottingham, has recently returned from Hartstown where he bought farm property. Quite a number of our Greenbank folks have moved to that place.

FOR STATE SENATE

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THE FOURTH WAS CROUDY, WET AND COLD IN POCAHONTAS THIS YEAR.

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MRS. E. L. KRAMER

Mrs. E. L. Kramer, of Ronceverte, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. A. Sydenstricker, in Marlinton on Sunday morning, July 2, 1922. For a number of years she has been an invalid and her death was not unexpected. She was more than 80 years old. A short service was held at the Sydenstricker home on Sunday afternoon by Rev. H. H. Orr, and on Monday morning her body was taken to Ronceverte, where it was laid beside the grave of her late husband. She is survived by her two daughters, Mrs. J. A. Sydenstricker and Miss Alice Kramer, and her sons, Luther, William and Robert A. Kramer.

Mrs. Kramer was a native of Pennsylvania, but for more than forty years she has been a resident of Ronceverte. Of a deeply religious nature, she found great joy in the work of her Master, and she and her family have done great things in the work of her church, the Presbyterian. "Her children arise up and call her blessed."

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AS WE HAVE ALWAYS SAID, IS THE PARTY OF CONSERVATION AND HERE WE FIND OURSELVES ON THE EVE OF ANOTHER CAMPAIGN WITH ALMOST ENTIRELY UNUSED CAMPAIGN PROMISES LEFT OVER FROM LAST TIME TO SEE US THROUGH.

What Congress needs, and so we wired our great President in care of Senator Frelinghuysen yesterday, as he didn't seem to have thought of it before, is intimidation.

Princeton University just characterized our great President as a man of immense patience and self-effacing modesty, among other things, as it handed him an honorary degree the other day but we have our moments of depression, as we watch Congress wiggling and wobbling around from day to day, when we wish it might conscientiously have added a little something about how terribly huddled he is when occasion demands.

The Levels District Sunday School Association is preparing to put on a district wide church census through the medium of the Sunday School on July 16. Last Sunday the preparatory work was commenced by a general visitation of schools by Sunday workers of that and other districts. With some few exceptions, the visitors found the officers and teachers willing and anxious to do what their hands could find to do to make the work more effective in reaching more people.

Hon. A. D. Shock, of Replete, Webster County, as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the long term in the State Senate from this district, was in Pocahontas county all last week, seeing the voters in the interest of his candidacy. Mr. Shock is a farmer and he feels that his experience with the trials and tribulations incident to the farming business will enable him to legislate properly for the best interest of the greatest industry of his district—agriculture.

The attendance at the Methodist Sunday school last Sunday climbed back to 180, just 20 more than were present the Sunday before. The Presbyterian school gained seven over the Sunday before, their attendance being 163.

J. L. Baxter, Ford dealer, unloaded a car load of Fordson tractors on Monday.

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DIED

Henry H. Landis died on Friday morning, June 30, 1922, after a long illness of some tubercular affection. His age was about 45 years. Burial on Sunday afternoon at Indian Draft in the presence of a large congregation. The services were conducted by Rev. C. A. Powers, of the Methodist Church, and the Oddfellow Lodge were in charge. Mr. Landis was the son of the late John Landis. He is survived by his wife, who is a daughter of Rev. G. S. Welford, and three children. Of his father's family there remain one sister, Mrs. J. A. Irvine and four brothers, E. H., of Millpoint, S. P., John and James, of E. Ray District. The deceased was an honest, upright citizen, and though handicapped for years by ill health he worked continuously for the support of his family.

THE CANDIDATES

Saturday night was the last hour for filing of announcement, of candidates for nominations for public office with the circuit clerk. The following have signified their willingness.

FOR HOUSE OF DELEGATES—J. G. Hamrick, C. P. Kerr, J. A. McLaughlin and E. N. Moore, Democrats; A. E. Kennison and Howard Underwood, Republicans.

County Superintendent—Miss Anna Wallace, Mrs. Rella F. Yeager, Democrats; Clarence Flynn, Republican.

County Commissioner—Lanty McNeel, Democrat; W. W. Kennison

and C. P. McElwee, Republicans. District Officers

Little Levels Board of Education—M. L. Beard for president and F. P. Kidd for member.

Greenbank District—C. L. Moorman, for president, Willis Cassell, Kenny Rexrode, E. A. Hudson, for members, all Democrats. For constable, J. A. Belcher, Democrat.

Huntersville—no offers.

Edray—For Constable, Charley Butler.

Richard Elkins, a son of the late Senator S. B. Elkins, and a brother of the present Senator, was killed in an automobile accident. His age was 42 years.

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FOR STATE SENATE

MOORE GASOLINE

Means Less Gasoline

Filling station at The Peoples Store & Supply Co. at west end of county bridge is the only station in Marlinton selling The Moore Gasoline and Engine Oils. Try it and be convinced.

The Peoples Store & Supply Co.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Notice to Jitney Owers:

The Executive Committee of the Pocahontas County Fair Association will charge a fee of TEN (\$10.00) DOLLARS for the privilege of entering the Fair Grounds with a car licensed to carry passengers.

Each car so employed will be assessed a TEN (\$10.00) DOLLAR fee.

Apply to the undersigned for your permit.

O. Hunter Kee,
Transportation Manager.

To those who Owe us:

Unusual expenditures make it absolutely necessary for me to collect what is due me on my books. If it comes voluntarily, I will greatly appreciate it—but I must have my money and will be compelled to take necessary steps to collect it.

T. H. HINER

Marlinton, W. Va.

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Pocahontas Home Coming

At the County Fair
August 22nd, 1922

Meet and greet your friends and kin on the One Hundredth Anniversary of the founding of the County on the first day of the Fair.

Pocahontas County was formed by Act of the Assembly of Virginia in 1822. To commemorate the event, the first day of the County Fair has been set aside as Home Coming Day. It is hoped that then the lost children of Pocahontas will then gather home to pay that long deferred visit to their mother County.

Write to your moved-away friends and relatives to come visiting back home.

T. S. McNEEL, Manager.

SPECIAL PRICES

—ON—

FISK TIRES, Ford Sizes

If "its Time to retire" be sure to see us about FISK tires. Special prices on all sizes now being offered.

C. J. RICHARDSON

Marlinton, W. Va.